

THE
KINGS PRO-
phetic :

OR

Weeping Loy.

Expressed in a Poeme, to the Honor of Eng:
lands too great Solemnities.

Ios. Hall.



LONDON
Printed by T.C. for Symon Waterfon.
1603.

THE KING'S PRO.

Specie:

W. 17.

London, 17th March 1793.



London, 17th March 1793.
1793.

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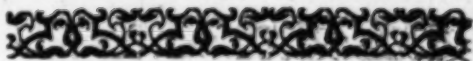
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THE KINGS PROPHECY

or weeping Ioy.

1.

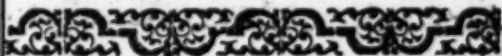
What Staick could his steely brest containe
(If *Zeno* self, or who were made beside
Of tougher mold) from being torne in twaine
With the crosse Passions of this wondrous tide?
Grief at *ELIZAES* tooke, orecome anone
With greater ioy at her succeeded throne?

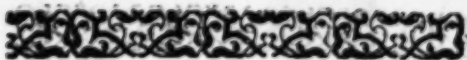
2.

Me seems the world at once doth weep & smile,
Washing his smiling cheeks with weeping dew,
Yet chearing still his watered cheeks the while
With merry wrinckles that do laughter shew;
Amongst the rest, I can but smile and weepe,
Nor can my passions in close prison keepe.

A 3

Yet





YOUTH
The Kings Prophecy. 311

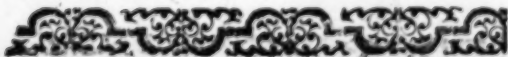
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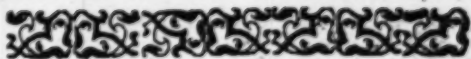
Yet now, when Griefe and Ioy at once conspire
To vex my feeble minde with aduerse might,
Reason suggests not words to my desire,
Nor daies no Muse to helpe me to endite;
So doth this ciuil strife of Passions strong,
Both moue and marre the measures of my song.

4

For long ago, when as my weaker thought
Was but allayde with change of Ioy & paine:
I went to finde the willing Muse vsought,
And vent my numbers in a plenteous vaine,
Whether I wisht to write some losue verse,
Or with sad lines would straw some sable heart se.

So,





The Kings Prophecy.

5

So, when but single Passions in the field
Meet Reason sage; soone as she list aduance
Her awful head; they needs must stoop, & yeeld
Their rebell armes to her wise gouernance:
Whence, as their mutin'd rage did rashly rise
Ylike by Reasons power it cowardly dies.

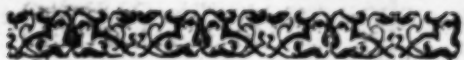
6.

But when that Passions ranke arrayes beset
Reason alone, without or friend, or Fere,
Who wonders if they can the conquest get
And reauē the crown her royal head did weare:
Goe yet tumultuous lines, and tydings bring
What Passion cō in Reasons silence sing.

A 4

Of





The Kings Prophecy.

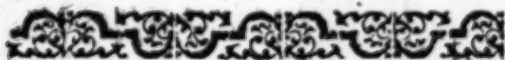
7.

Oft did I wish the closure of my light,
Before the dawning of that fearfull day
Which should succeed *Elizars* latest night,
Sentting her glorious soule from this sad clay,
Vp to a better crowne then erst she bore
Vpon her weary browes, and Temples hoare:

8.

For then I fear'd to finde the frowning skie
Cloathed in dismall black, and dreadfull red,
Then did I feare this earth should drenched lie
With purple streaties in ciuil tumults shed :
Caesar & Pompey: Like when of vore in th'old Pharsalian downes,
The two crosse Eagles grapled for the crowne.

Or





The Kings Prophecy.

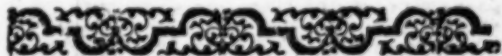
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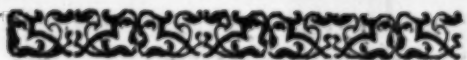
Or when the riper English Roses grew
On sundrie stalks, from one selfe roote ysprung, Lanc. & Yorke.
And stroue so lōg for praise of fairer hew,
That milliōs of our Sires to death were stung
With those sharp thornes that grew their sweets beside
Of such, or worse I ween'd should now betide

10.

Nor were leud hopes ought lesser thē my dread,
Nor lesse their Triumphs then my plained woe,
Triumphs, and Plaints for great *Eliza* dead;
My dread, their hope for *Englands* ouerthrow:
I fear'd their hopes, & waild their pleasat cheare,
They triumpht in my griefes, & hop't my feare.

Wayting





The Kings Prophecy.

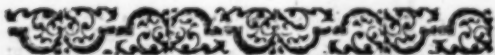
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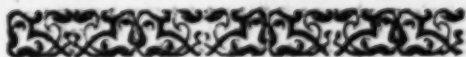
Waiting for flames of cruell Martyrdome,
Alreadie might I see the stakes addrest,
And that stale strumpet of imperious *Rome*,
Hie mounted on her seuen-headed beast,
Quaffing the bloud of Saints in boules of gold,
Whiles all the surplus staines the guldens mold.

12.

Jer. lxxv. Now might I see those swarmes of Locusts sent,
Hell's cursed off-spring, hyred slaues of *Spaine*,
Till the world sawe, and scorned their intent,
Of a sworne foe to make a Soueraignes,
How could but terrour with his colde affright
Strike my weake brest vpon so sad foresight?

Tho





The Kings Prophecy.

13.

Tho on that day before the world began
E~~liza~~ dyde, and with the closing yeare
Her dayes vpclosde, when I the light did ban,
And chide the Heauens, that they left not there :
And thought it wrōg (yet God that thought forfended)
That the worlds course with her course was not ended.

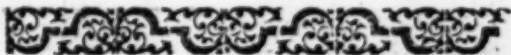
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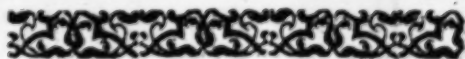
25.

14.

Now, not moe worlds could hire my closed light
Ere but the setting of that Euen-sun,
Which late her breathing sawe with beames so
And early rising found her life for done, (bright,
Ah most vnhappy wights that went before,
That dyde ere this, or that are yet vnborne !

Oh





The Kings Prophecy.

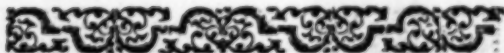
15.

Oh turned times beyond all mortall feare,
Beyond all mortall hopes ! Not till this day
Began the fulnesse of our blisse appeares,
Which dangers dimmed erst with fresh dismay :
Still euer checking ioy with seruile care,
Still charging vs for Tragick times prepare.

16.

Falſe ſtarres, and falſer wiſards that foreſaine
By their aſpects the ſtate of earthly things :
How bene your bold predictions proued vaine,
That here brake off the race of Britiſh Kings?
Which now alone began; when firſt we ſee
Faire *Britaine* formed to a Monarchie.

How



The Kings Prophecie.

17.

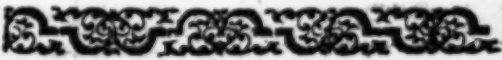
How did I better long agoone presage,
(That ioyes me still I did presage so right)
When in the wardship of my weaker age
My puis-nè Muse presumed to recite
The vatick lines of that *Canaan* Dame,
(Which *Maro* falsely sung to *Pollis* name)

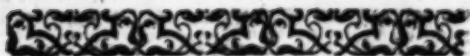
Virgils
fourth
Egloge
transla-
ted and
applied
to the
birth of
Henricus
prince.

18.

To the deare Natals of thy princely sonne,
O dreadest Soueraigne, in whose timely birth
Mee seem'd I sawe this golden age begonne,
I sawe this wearie load of Heauen and Earth
Freshly reuiu'd,rouze vp his fainting head,
To see the sweete hopes this day prouised.

And





The Kings Prophecy.

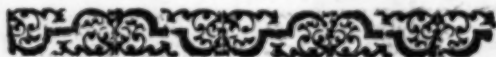
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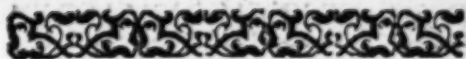
And now I liue (I wisht to liue so long
Till I might see these golden dayes succeed,
And solemne vow'd that mine eternall song
Should sound thy name vnto the future seed)
I liue to see my hopes; ô let me liue
Till but my vowed verse might me suruiue.

20.

So may thy worth my lowly Muse vpraise,
So may mine hic-up-raised thoughts aspire
That not thy *Bartas* selfe, whose sacred layes
The yeelding world doth with thy selfe admire,
Shal passe my sōg, which nought cā reare so hyc,
Saue the sweete influence of thy gracious eye.

Meane





The Kings Prophecy.

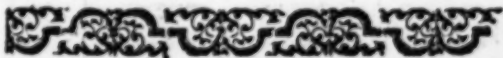
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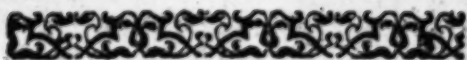
Meane while, amongst those throngs of Poesies
Which now each triuial Muse dares harshly sing
This vulgar verse shall feed plebeian eies,
Nor prease into the presence of my Kings
So may it safely praise his absent names,
That neuer present tongue did voyd of blame.

22.

Well did the wise Creator, when he laid (maine,
Earth's deepe foundations, charge the watery
This Northerne world should by his waues be
Cut frō the rest, and yet not cut in twaine (made
Diuided, that it might be blest alone,
Not fundred, for this fore-set vnion.

For





The Kings Prophecy.

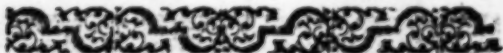
23.

For here he ment in late succeeding time,
To seat a second Paradise below;
Or for composed temper of the Clyme,
Or those sound blasts the cleansing North doth
Britaine Or, for he sawe the finfill continent (blow.
compa- Should with contagious vice be ouerwent.
red with
the olde
Paradise

24.

1 For great *Euphrates* and the swelling *Nile*,
Riuers With *Tigris* swift; he bad the Ocean hoare
of Para- Serue for the great moate of the greatest Ile,
dite. And wash the snowy rocks of her steepe shore
2 As for that tree of life faire *Edens* pride,
Word Hee set it in our mids, and euery side,
and Sa-
uam:

From



The Kings Prophecy.

25.

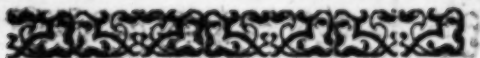
From oft attempted, oft repulſed ſpight
More then one Angell guards our ſafer gates
Nought waits of highſt bliſſe, & ſweet ſt delight 3
That euer was attaind by mortall ſtate
But that giues life to all, and all exceeds
He ſets his princely Image in his ſteed 4

26.

His liuely Image, in whoſe awfull face
Appcare deepe ſtamps of dreadfull maiestie
Whoſe glorious beames from his diuiner grace
Dazle the weake, and dim the bolder eye
Mercie ſits on his brow, and in his breaſt
Vnder his Lions paw, doth courage reſt

B

Deepe



The Kings Prophecie.

27.

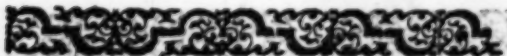
Deepe wisedome doth adorne his princely head,
Justice his hand, his lips graue Eloquence,
c And that which seld in Princes brest is bred,
(The Princes greatest praise, and best defence)
Purest religion hath his heart posselt.
p Olland more then fortunate and blest.

28.

Heuens chiefeft care, Earth's second Paradise,
Wonder of Times, chiefe boast of Natures stile,
Enuy of Nations, president of blisse,
Mistresse of Kingdomes, Monarch of all Iles,
World of this world, & heauen of earth; no lesse
Can serue to shadow out thine happinesse.

Deepest

Thou



The Kings Prophecy.

29.

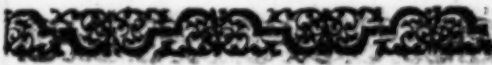
Thou art the worlds sole glory, he is thine;
Frō him thy praise is fetcht, the worlds frō thee;
His from aboue; So the more famous bene
His rarest graces, more thy fame shall bee.
The more thy fame growes on, the fairer shew
His heavenly worth shal make to forraign view.

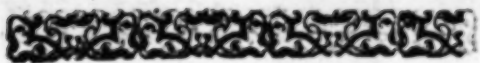
30.

Like when by night, amidst the clensed skie,
The Suns faire sister by her louely rayes
Gathers a circled Halo vp on hie,
Of kindly vapours that her spouse did raises:
Shee thus inclos'd in her cleare ouall round,
Doubles her light vnto the gazing ground.

B 2

But





The Kings Prophecy.

3 L

But for the onely bane of blessed state
Is ignorance of blisse, let mee deare Dread
For thy diuiner Oracles relate
The sum of those sweet hopes that long haue fed
Thy liegest Nation, Pardon thou the while
Mine high attempt, harsh verse, and ruder stile.

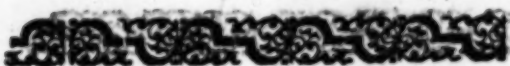
32.

And yett these happy mates, who that great king
Endowes with equall peace : so mote his raigne
Aboue your hopes, eternall comfort bring
To your late Nephewes race, as ye may daigne
Credulous eares to my Prophetick lines,
Truer then those were fetcht fro *Delphick* shrines.

III

2 11

He



The Kings Prophecy.

33.

He that giues crownes (as crowns frō heau'n are
Not since the day that *Ishay's* yongest son (sent)
Rose from the fold; hath euen yet besprent
With the sweet oyle of sacred vnction
An holier head; then that this present day
The weight of *Englands* roial crown doth sway.

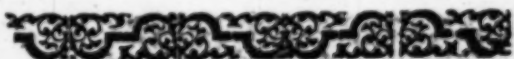
The sum
of Bazil.
Doron
drawne
in forme
of pro-
phcy in-
to ycrise

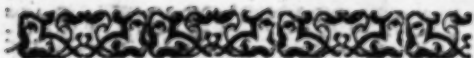
34

Nor can his subiects more him feare or loue,
(Loy all their loue, and lowly is their feare)
Then he shall loue and feare his King aboue,
Whose name, place, Image, Scepter he doth bear,
Religions spring, Autumne of Heresie,
Winter of Atheisme his raigne shall bee.

B 3

And





The Kings Prophecy.

35.

And thou great *Rome*, that to the Martian plaine
Long since didst lowly stoope; and leaue for loſe
Thy loftie ſeate of Hills: ſhalt once againe
Creepe lower to the ſhade of *Tyber*'s ſhore:
Yet lower ſhall his Arme thy ruines fell,
Downe from thy *Tyber* into loweſt Hell.

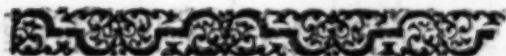
36.

Not number ſhall, but weight his lawes cōmend;
Which wiſely made, ſhall iuſtly be maintain'd,
His gentle brows ſhal firſt ſeuerely bend (ſtraind
And lowre at vice: whoſe courſe eſtſoones re-
They ſmooth ſhal wax again; mixing by meſure
Ounces of grace, with drams of iuſt diſpleaſure.

HA

8

How



The Kings Prophecy.

37.

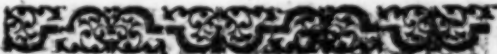
So haue I seene a Morne of cheerefull May,
Orecast with clouds to threaten stormfull stoures,
Which yet ere Noone, hath prou'd the clearest day:
Whiles brighter morns haue brought vs evening shoures;
His frownes shall fright the ill his mercions eie
Shall raise the humble soule of Modestie.

38.

The treble mischief that was wont infect
Our holy state (ah me what state can misse
Some staine of native ill) shall be redrest
By timely care: and now shall fairely rise
The noble name of our diuiner trade,
From out the dust wherein it long hath laid.

B 4

Long





The Kings Prophecy.

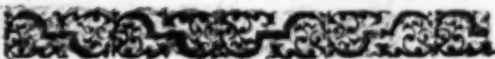
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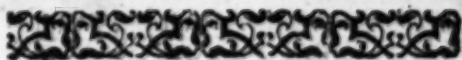
Long lay it in the dust of wrong disdain;
Expos'd to euery rascall Pefants spight:
O times! but now, were best my rage containe/
Vntill I mought a second Satyre write.
But ah fond threat, as if these mended daies
Would once deserue the brand of my dispraise?

40.

Nor shall the Lordly Peeres once ouerlook
Their humble vassals dwelling all below:
Like as we see some large out-spreading Oke
Ore-drop the silly shrubs that vnder grow.
Nor noble bloud shall want true honors fee,
Whiles it shall light on Groomes of low degree.

Nor





The Kings Prophecy.

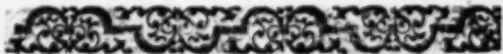
41.

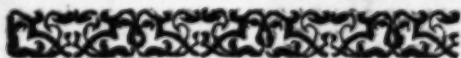
Nor now the greedy Merchant that for gaine
Sailes to both Poles, & sounds both Indian seas
Whē his long beaten bark from forth the maine
Vnlades her weary freight, shall as he please
Raife by excessiue rate his private store,
And to enrich himselfe make thousands poore

42.

Vnder the safer shadow of his wing
Shall exile Aliens throud their restlesse head,
And here alone shall forced exile bring
Better contentment to the banished
Then home-smelt smoke; O Iland kind & free
In fauouring those that once befrended thee.

And





The Kings Prophecy.

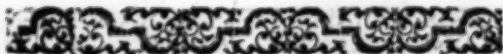
43.

And for the Princes eye doth life inspire
To loyall breſts (like as the vernall ſunne
Cheares the reuiued earth with friendly fires
That luſtles lies when thoſe hote rayes are gone)
Oft ſhall his preſence bleſſe our hungry eyes,
To our Horizon oft this ſunne ſhall riſe.

44.

For ere the worlds great lamp ſhal thiſe decline
Into his Southern ſphere, and thiſe retyre
Vp to the turning of his Northren line,
Our ſecond Sunne ſhall in his earthly gyre
Turn once to al the realms his light doth guide;
And yet obſerue his yearly race beſide.

.Then



The Kings Prophecy.

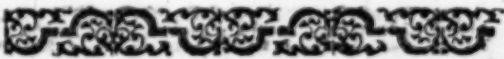
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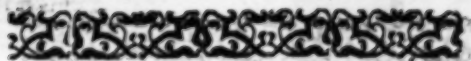
Then shall my *Suffolke* (Englands Eden hight
As England is the worlds) be ouer blest
And surfet of the ioy of that deare sight
Whose pleasing hope their harts so long posselt
Which his great Name did with such triumph
When erst it loudly ecchoed in our street. (greet

46.

And thou, renowned *Drury* mongst the rest,
Aboue the rest; whether thee still detaine,
The snowy Alpes, or if thou thoughtest it best
To trust thy speed vnto the watery playne,
Shalt him receiue; he thee, with such sweet grace
As may befeeme thy worth and noble race.

The





The Kings Prophecy.

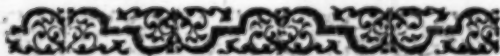
47.

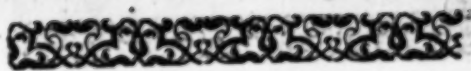
The yron doores of *Ianus* by his hand
Shall fast be bard; vnlesse some hostile might
(If any hostile might dares him withstand)
Shall break those bars; and boldly shall excite
Our sleeping Lyon; who but once awoke
Woe to the wight that did his wrath prouoke.

48.

Wise and not wrongfull Stratagems shall speed
His iustest warre, and straiter discipline
Shal guide the warlike troupes himself shal lead
To doubtfull field; O let the shield diuine
Protect my Lieges head; and from on hie
Let it be girt with crownes of victorie.

His





The Kings Prophecy.

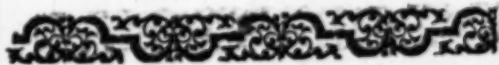
49.

His frequent Court(yet feare I to fore-saine
Too much of Princes courts, which ages past
Haue long since noted with the secret staine
Of wanton daliance and luxurious wast)
His Court shall be a church of Saints: quite free
From filth,excesse and seruile flattery.

50.

Hence ye false Parasites, whose only guise
Is feeding Princes eares with wrongful praises,
And euer who mought hope to honor rise,
By what large bribes their leuder brocage raises.
The Courtiers onely grace shal henceforth lie
In learning, wisedome, valour, honestie.

O Court



The Kings Prophecy.

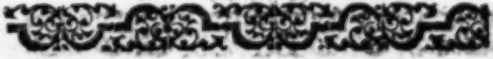
51.

O Court fit for thy King, and like to none
But heauens Court, where nought impure may
Like as thy King resembleth God alone, (bide)
For such on earth were vaine to seeke beside.
Well might I here his vertues rolle rehearse,
But them his life speakes better then my verse.

52.

Yet let me not thy learned Muse onst,
The onely credit of our scorned skill,
Redoubted Liege; whose rarely polisht writ
Sauors of long sleep in that sacred hill;
Looke that the Muses all shall once agree,
As thou hast honor'd them, to honor thee.

Mine.



3

may
side)

line.

